

STORIES FROM THE STREET

Correspondents Who Failed to Scoop Each Other on a "Great Sensation."

Queer Case of Mistaken Identity Related by the Victim—Cry "Star" Lunch-Room—Guests the Hotels Don't Care About.

The gory sensation from Indianapolis published in Indianapolis and Cincinnati papers last Sunday has proven to be one of those vague detective romances that are continually popping up before the conscientious newspaper man to beguile him from the well-beaten path of commonplace veracity.

The first tip on the story came through a detective to the Journal and Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, each receiving the pointer about the same time. This was ten days before it finally found its way, with all its baseless horrors, into print. A combination was formed between the Journal's police reporter, who is as indefatigable as "Old Sleuth" himself, and Mr. E. Landis, the ablest and most experienced of the Commercial Gazette's detectives. This blood-congealing detective story had to be worked with velvet-footed caution, not only to get (or avoid) the facts, but also with a care to keep the two papers from the inevitable and ubiquitous correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who has the habit of catching all the news going, from getting into the "dark secret" of the original discoverer of the harrowing tale of crime, and found out there was a female detective, Mrs. H. H. Shaw, who could furnish more details and more ragged truth to the harrow. It would never do to let Mrs. Shaw know that the Journal was a newspaper reporter, and Mr. Landis was therefore introduced to the lady as Charles Kratz, a detective from Scotland Yard, temporarily assigned to the United States. "Detective Kratz" made it his business to see the lady at least once a day to gather from her the facts in the case as she obtained them.

Last Saturday night, when he made his usual trip to the Hotel New York, to receive the latest developments, it was deemed best to remove to some more secluded spot, not least to one where the lady's movements could not attract attention. Mr. Landis therefore accompanied Mr. H. H. Shaw, Mrs. H. H. Shaw and another lady from the palace car, on the Vandallia tracks, where, far from the madding crowd, they could talk. They were all in the state-room of this car, with the curtains drawn, when a tap came on the door, and the well-known voice of Mr. H. H. Shaw was heard asking if Mr. H. H. Shaw was there.

Mr. Landis did not faint exactly, but his motions can never be described. Mr. H. H. Shaw went out and came back, beckoned to Mr. Landis, adding, "Come here, Charles." At the entrance of the car, Mr. Landis saw a man named Hart, who had formerly been a professional wrestler. Hart took a great deal of interest in me, and every now and then would grab me, to show how easily a man could be moved if one only knew how. He would come up, reach around my neck, hit my chin so that I would be at his mercy, and then ask, "How's that?" One day he was walking along Virginia avenue, near Washington street, when he saw Hart standing on the sidewalk talking to another man. His back was turned to him, and he thought to himself, "Shaw, here's your opportunity," he walked toward the unsuspecting man, brought my hands down on his shoulders with all my might, and, lifting my eyes at the same time, raised him from the sidewalk as I asked, "How's that?"

Here Mr. Shaw stopped to wipe the beaded perspiration from his brow. "Go on with the story," said an interested listener.

"Well, yes, it was an awful fight right there, and I was in it, or thought I was for a little while. The man was med all the way through, and wouldn't give me any chance to explain. He got through finally, and then I told him I was mistaken in the man; that I had taken him for Mr. Hart. That's the most remarkable case of mistaken identity of which I have any knowledge."

No matter how comfortable a home a man may have, he always wants some place where he can stretch out, so to speak, and feel free to put his feet on any chair in the room, knock his cigar-ashes on the floor and do the thousand and one things that he knows his better half would put a quietus upon if he did them at home. That's why men resort to the club, for there they have no one to say, "Oh, you mustn't smoke in this room," or "You shouldn't leave your feet on the piano," or "Please don't tip back in that chair." It's the idea of getting away from the infernal home rule that they want and it does them good. In line with this the writers of the pleasure being introduced into one of these "free and easy" the other day, and the joys of bachelorhood were being discussed. Messrs. George Dickson and Henry Abbott have fixed up a dining-room in the rear of their offices in the Grand Opera-house block, and there they have no luncheons that are of a character to tempt the most confirmed epicurean that ever lived. The walls are covered with a delicate lemon tint, with a quality of paper rarely seen outside of the most fashionable home. The table is massive and carved and arranged to accommodate four or twenty-four, as the occasion demands. The chairs which go with it are also oak, of an antique pattern, with high arched backs and wide-spreading arms. The sideboard is another exquisite triumph of the cabinet-maker's art, and is a pattern entirely new and without a duplicate in the city. Instead of being very high it is low and long, and is arranged with a number of cozy little drawers and cabinets for the display of the most choice of the most valuable wares used in the service of the table. An enormous Dresden punch-bowl stands in the center of the table, and on the sideboard, and occasionally a piece of lemon or a strawberry is seen to peep over the top of the bowl and reflected in the cherry liquid on which it floats.

As for the service, nothing but Haviland china, cut glass, Goshaw silver and Irish linen is ever seen on the table. When, for "company," and the several lights turned on, the table presents as pretty a sight as one could wish to see. The menu is in keeping with these handsome surroundings, too. Everything, except the soup, which is supplied by the Denison House, is cold. Mrs. George Dickson, or Mrs. Will Dickson, or other ladies, who knew of this scheme, have been very liberal in their contributions, and the most dainty deserts, the most delicious salads, preserves, pickles, confections, cakes, etc., are served here daily. Mr. Dickson and Mr. Talbot are very generous with their hospitality, and it is a rare occurrence when they eat alone.

It was an easy thing to guess that the man who asked clerk Holt, of the Bates hotel, to keep his key in his pocket, was the same man who had been seen in the hotel.

him half an hour past closing time came from Chicago. His name was Freshleigh Smart and he sold corsets for Squire & Hume, of Lake street. He explained to Mr. Holt that the hotel where he regularly stopped always accommodated him thus much, and if they could keep the dining-room open the cook, at least, stayed on duty until he came back, to cook his supper for him.

"Talk about the far mer who asks what time the bell rings for breakfast," said Mr. Holt, "I have known any time in preference to some of these smart drummers. Traveling men as a rule are all right, that is when they have been in the business long enough to wear their freshness off, but you take a man with about two years' experience and they think they own the house. They are the last I want and the last I try to accommodate. I'll never forget a fellow I had here from Kansas City once. He was selling ink. Before retiring one night he said to me, as I handed him his key, 'Send a boy to my room to get my shoes and socks.' I did it, and when the boy got through I paid him the 10 cents and charged it to the cowboy's bill. In the morning, when he called at the cashier's window to settle his bill, he wanted to know where the 10 cents came in. The cashier told him, and he refused to pay it. He took the itemized account and went to Mr. Reibold and filed his kick. He said that this was the first hotel he had ever stopped at where he had to pay for having his shoes blacked. Said he had traveled from New York to San Francisco, and had not had his shoes blacked in any city, and the Bates was the first place that had charged him for a shine. The Fifth-avenue, in New York don't; the Lafayette, in Philadelphia, don't; the Vendome, in Boston; the Palmer, in Chicago; the Southern, in St. Louis; the Coates, in Kansas City; the Windsor, in Denver; the Grand, in Salt Lake; the Palace, in San Francisco—none of them do, but the Bates, in Indianapolis, does. Well, I'll pay this bill,' he said, 'and you'll never get me again.' Mr. Reibold informed me very politely but decidedly that he didn't want him again, and he hasn't been back since."

About the worst bored man in Indianapolis is the close of business here yesterday. Mr. Col. E. H. Shaw, up at Lake Wawasee the Colonel has an ideal summer home, and he knows how to enjoy it. As he is very much interested in keeping up the high character of the resort he has undertaken to give his personal attention to the building of the new club-house at the lake. It is to be completed by the last of next month, and it will not only be an attractive structure, but it will embrace all the conveniences and facilities for summer rest and pleasure—about four hundred feet of broad veranda, a large hall with stage, to be used for dancing, dramatic or musical entertainments, and religious services on Sunday, billiard and card rooms and all the first-class clubhouse accommodations. The Colonel is taking a great delight in making the place complete in all its conveniences, and conceived the idea of having, among other things, telephonic communication with Indianapolis, so that people from this city could, whenever they feel like it, call up and talk with the folks at home. He has kept his scheme to himself, intending to spring it on his friends, as a surprise, when he got the line in operation. He was, therefore, almost paralyzed with astonishment yesterday morning, when he was called to the telephone, and a far-away voice faintly announced, "This is Houser talking; can you hear me?"

Mr. Houser is the man who looks after the lake for the Colonel. "Where are you, Houser?" asked the Colonel, with a good deal of apparent perplexity and astonishment. "I'm in the club-house at Cedar Beach. Got the telephone in last night and thought I would try it. Do you hear me all right?" "Yes."

"I hear you very distinctly, too. It seems to be working well."

"Yes, I hear you as well as if you were only out at Allensville, a good deal better than if you were here in town; but your voice doesn't sound natural—a sort of far-away sound."

"That's strange. I hear you all right. This is a good deal better than going down to Syracuse or Milford to telephone, isn't it, Colonel?"

"I should say it is. Why, Houser, this is great, isn't it?" yelled the Colonel with some enthusiasm. "Can you call up now whenever I want to talk with you. By the way, Houser, I'll be on Monday. I wish you would have Andy get me a good lot of minnows. I'll try a little fishing this time. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, perfectly. Great isn't it, Colonel?" "Well, now I should say it is, Houser. I had no idea it would work so well. The atmospheric conditions must be remarkable, as you are able to telephone this morning. How are things at the lake?"

"Oh, all right. Got the second story of the club-house up, and will put the roof on next week. Schumacher is here and is pushing the work."

"The good news is, I wish you would call to him about the building a minute." "And then a nice silence followed, while the Colonel, jubilant over the successful opening of direct talking communication with his summer resort, patiently waited for Mr. Schumacher to come to the telephone at Cedar Beach to hear what he had to say. And the Colonel waited long, with his eyes fixed anxiously upon the phone, and then he began to wonder why it took Schumacher so long to get to the telephone. He was at work in the building, but still he had not thought of becoming impatient in the face of a convenience which would enable him to talk to a man 150 miles away. He sat down and leaned against the wall to rest the arm that held the telephone trumpet to his ear. And while he sat there with a cramp in his arm, but patience and joy in his heart, a messenger boy came in and handed him a note which read:

"My Dear Colonel—Don't you think we had better go up to the lake? This is the month of April and the catostomus are biting pretty well."

The Colonel smiled grimly and hung up the telephone ear-piece, careful to not even touch the bell. He is scientist enough to know without having to look at his dictionary that catostomus refers to the genus Schumacher.

It was a "perfectly lovely" wedding. The match was made in Heaven. Everybody said so. The bride was one of the most beautiful of Indianapolis girls. The groom was handsome and manly. The fair women and brave men who composed the wedding party stood absorbed and breathless, as guests sat at long tables during the ceremony that made the ideal pair one. After it came the moment's solemn silence that follows the sacrifice of the altar, the orchestra, the son of its leader moved solely by the desire to discourse sweet music, struck up: "He Got an Elephant on His Hands." And the guests who had seen "Wang" turned to each other and lost of heart. The bride and groom were dressed such stiff affairs. But they talked about other things.

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A PAGE FROM THE PAST.

Interesting Points from a Copy of The Locomotive, Printed in 1852.

A friend has handed the Journal a copy of the Locomotive, a weekly paper published in this city many years ago. It was first started in 1845, by Daniel R. Colver and David R. Elder. It was published a year or so and then suspended. In 1848 it was revived by Elder & Harkness and continued several years, Mr. John R. Elder being the editor. It was a bright, clean paper and being devoted mainly to local affairs, it attained considerable circulation. The name was probably due to the fact that the first railroad ever constructed to Indianapolis, the old Madison, had then just been completed and the locomotive was an object of interest and wonder.

The copy of the paper above referred to is dated Aug. 14, 1852. Among its local items appears the following:

Going Up.—Mr. J. S. Dunlop held the lot on the corner of Washington and Meridian streets, 20 feet front and 120 feet deep, for \$200 a foot, or \$20,000 for the lot. This is the highest price ever paid for property in this city. Judge Morrison sold two lots on the corner of Illinois and New York streets, three squares north of Washington street, with a frontage of 100 feet on each street, for \$8,000.

Property in and around this city is all advancing in value, which is a certain indication of prosperity and future prospects of the city.

The leading editorial in the paper is devoted to showing up the extortionate freight rates of the Madison railroad and the necessity of another outlet. The article says: "It is well known that a direct road to Cincinnati would save the Madison and drayage charges at Madison, and, of course, as that is an extra charge it would be added to the freight. The Madison line of the Locomotive had recently received a new press from the East, and the article gives the freight rates from Cincinnati, via Madison, as \$22.00, the charge of the Madison railroad being \$33. The article continues: 'We might fill our paper with charges similar to these. We will mention one case. Mr. A. E. Jones, of this city, has been paying on his pianos from Boston, by the Madison road, \$30 freight. He has now closed a contract to have his pianos brought from Terre Haute through the Eckford line for \$1.40 per 100 lbs. and his pianos will cost him by this route \$10.00—a clear saving on each piano of \$20.00. So much for the Madison road monopoly.'

The article concludes by strongly urging the necessity of a competing line to Cincinnati. Among the advertisements is one of the "Indianapolis High School, Benjamin L. Lang, Principal," the full term of which would open Sept. 1. This is the first of the old county seminary building, which stood on what is now called "University Square." Craighead & Browning, then the leading druggists of the town, have a considerable advertising space. Among the professional cards is that of "Caven & Sulgrave, Attorneys at Law," which is a list of descriptions of hats and caps, informs the public that "since the establishment of the express business between Indianapolis and Cincinnati he has made arrangements to get hats and caps, by the express, at the same price as the shortest notice. Gentlemen wanting a hat or cap of any particular size, style, quality or material, may order the same in three days' time by leaving their orders at McGinnis' hat store." Our old friend General McGinnis was evidently determined to keep up with the times. The Journal does not often give free advertisements, but this one goes. Most of the other advertisements are by persons long since dead, even their names being unknown to the present generation. Forty years is a long time in the life of a growing town.

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EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AT THE MODEL

SONS' SHOES

CLOTHING

Our Boys' Department is crowded full of neat, new and nobby things for Spring and Summer wear. This is the great changing time. Let us have a hand in dressing him and he'll be the admired of all observers. None of our novelties are to be found elsewhere. We've kept them to ourselves for you. Old or young, big or little—so long as they are boys, we can show the largest variety that was ever gathered under one roof.

There are Junior Suits for the youngsters, Vestee Suits for the next, Single and Double-Breasted Two and Three-Piece Short Pants Suits for the next, and Single and Double-Breasted Sack and Three-Button Cutaway Suits for the boys that are almost men. It's a long look through all the different patterns and colors and designs of each style. Besides, with all our variety, exclusiveness and guaranteed quality, we're by far the cheapest.

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The city chemist is now engaged in analyzing the water of city wells. One on Cherry street was condemned last week.

Marriage Licenses. The following took out permits to marry yesterday: George Schrader and Cora Harter, Robert Darnall and Nannie Bird, Little E. Ingram and Nora Dillinger, William H. Carpenter and Lizzie Embrey, Andrew D. Weddle and Alice White, Pratt F. Sharpe and Daisy L. Marlette.

32.50 to Chicago, \$3.50. Via the Pennsylvania Line from Indianapolis.

RAW AS BEEF-STEAK

NO VARIETY LIKE AT THE MODEL

SONS' SHOES

CLOTHING

Our Boys' Department is crowded full of neat, new and nobby things for Spring and Summer wear. This is the great changing time. Let us have a hand in dressing him and he'll be the admired of all observers. None of our novelties are to be found elsewhere. We've kept them to ourselves for you. Old or young, big or little—so long as they are boys, we can show the largest variety that was ever gathered under one roof.

There are Junior Suits for the youngsters, Vestee Suits for the next, Single and Double-Breasted Two and Three-Piece Short Pants Suits for the next, and Single and Double-Breasted Sack and Three-Button Cutaway Suits for the boys that are almost men. It's a long look through all the different patterns and colors and designs of each style. Besides, with all our variety, exclusiveness and guaranteed quality, we're by far the cheapest.

Among the advertisements is one of the "Indianapolis High School, Benjamin L. Lang, Principal," the full term of which would open Sept. 1. This is the first of the old county seminary building, which stood on what is now called "University Square." Craighead & Browning, then the leading druggists of the town, have a considerable advertising space. Among the professional cards is that of "Caven & Sulgrave, Attorneys at Law," which is a list of descriptions of hats and caps, informs the public that "since the establishment of the express business between Indianapolis and Cincinnati he has made arrangements to get hats and caps, by the express, at the same price as the shortest notice. Gentlemen wanting a hat or cap of any particular size, style, quality or material, may order the same in three days' time by leaving their orders at McGinnis' hat store." Our old friend General McGinnis was evidently determined to keep up with the times. The Journal does not often give free advertisements, but this one goes. Most of the other advertisements are by persons long since dead, even their names being unknown to the present generation. Forty years is a